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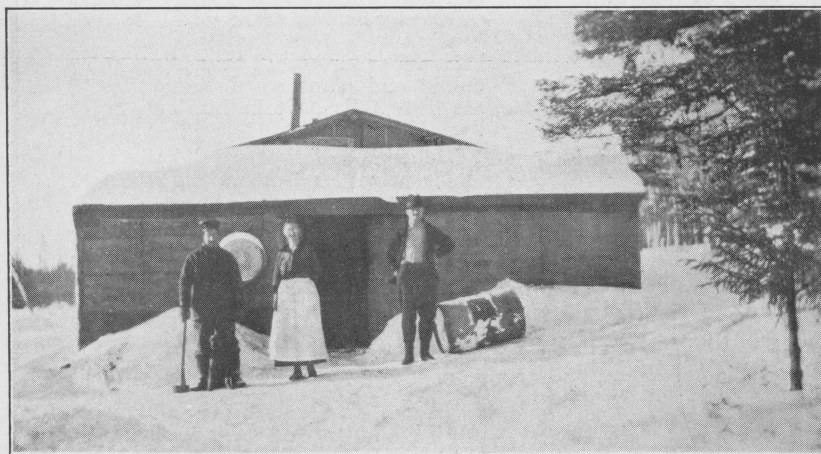
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• THE • NORTHERN

VOLUME 2

JULY, 1922

NUMBER 4



Some Pioneers of

A Story of the Past

By F. S. Davenport

MOOSEHEAD
CHESUNCOOK and
MILLINOCKET

WE three—J. P. Moore, F. A. Appleton, and the writer, knew very well what we were about when we started on our excursion; able and distinguished pens—Winthrop, "Life in the Open Air" Thoreau, "The Maine Woods," had traced and illumined the route, so it was clearly outlined to our imagination, but we did not know that, 58 years afterward it would be printed in *The Northern*, and here we are.

This humble pen will be aided by authentic photographs of persons, hotels, camps, and other things, long since disappeared, a collection of more than fifty years, some lately found and others promised in season for the issue in which they belong, and these will tell their own story better than this pen can tell it.

I will whisper that all the events were as stated, yet were not all in the one excursion, but in two over the same route, and are interwoven because important as history, and for other reasons. This explains seeming errors as to dates. I will tell the story, and you may make dates as you please.

PART IV.



HE canoe, baggage, and a bundle of hay are in a good place. We have nearly made camp when there is heard the toot of a horn, our cleric cries out, "There's the Angel Gabriel blowing the last trump." "My dear young man!"—I am well acquainted with the aforesaid and he does not wear skirts; look and you will see a long braid of hair reaching far below the waist, why not say "Evangeline."

"Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er
the broad ambrosial meadows"—

"Do you call this end of the carry
"broad ambrosial meadows? Where
are they then?"

"Poetic license, my boy, allows you
to call a thing "any old thing," also
this clearing is very nearly a meadow;
notice the pug holes and flags at the

upper end, but that is the Northeast Carry call to supper, we will go up and see if there are any more Evangelines in that house."

Just as we reach the house another one does appear, possibly wondering if we comprehend the call to "rations."

There is a table set for ourselves. Joe Morris comes in a moment and asks "If we will take a little something?" but we decline. He goes to a small closet, takes out a small flask and taking one swallow says, "I don't drink myself, but when sometime fore breakfast I open the door and see little feller in there, I take just a little drink, and p'aps some other time, I see little feller, I take him out, but I don't drink any."

We regretted that we did not take "little feller" and please Joe who was so gentle about it.

Supper turns out to be eggs, Northeast Carry blueberry cake, and tea. There is another daughter (now away visiting) and two young children. We see these later and all have the gentle charm of the French Canadian.

M. and F., spying a cabinet organ in another room, enter, and M. sits down and warbles. F. also is musical and I could, myself, pick out some of the popular tunes with one finger and "vamp" some sort of bass to go with it. Some of the popular tunes in those days were "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and "Nellie Grant's March."

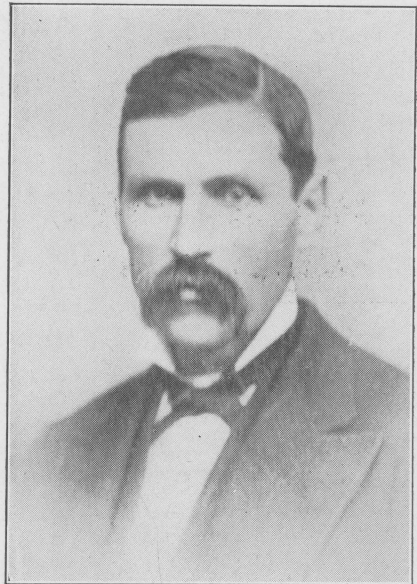
Nothing has been decided for next day, only that we have breakfast at the house and start for Lobster lake some time during the day. It is useless to make plans far ahead on such a trip, expecting to adhere to them. There was just the thinnest coating of vapor lying on the river and low land; a trout morning. We had seen a brook running through a gully at the up-river end of this clearing and why not a trout off the mouth of that brook? Wherever a spring or cold water brook empties in, if you can find the hollow in the river bottom where that cold water settles, there, if at all

in August, you may expect to find trout. It may be off the mouth of the brook; may be quite a way below; or even a little above in some instance. It is the heavier water, and to the lowest bottom it will certainly find its way. In this case after trial we found it below on the opposite side of the west branch and four or five good brook trout were taken.

We can have these for breakfast and can take others later. We return to the tent, one takes the trout to the house. Breakfast: our trout, eggs, blueberry cake and doughnuts.

After breakfast a discussion, result, a compromise, an early dinner, a prompt start for Lobster Lake. Two choose to follow the clearing around the edge till dinner time. One will "stay around here." "Who will have the most fun?"

Primarily we are out as observers rather than hunters. We will take small game if we come to it without much seeking. We are told that there is no large game. Anyway we would not shoot it if it came up and stared at us. This indifference is to have



Nick Curran.

unexpected results. Go hunting and game will be scarce. Go around without any gun and game will come up and eat out of your hand. It was not yet time to go hunting with a "Kodak." Dry plates and films were not in those days.

I walked along observing the points of interest and notably a spring bearing the sign, "Best water in town." I enter a grassy path leading into a boggy place, created by the overflow of the spring. A few steps and there is a partridge which, slightly flurried, trips up a slanting piece of charred spruce to the top of a large stump against which the stick rests. I am obliged to stoop some to see the bird which is just looking at me, and I look at it over the end of my gun. It falls toward me proving that I hit



Rose Morris.



Our first thoughts are not always our best thoughts.



Joe Morris's House.

it in the head, and lies motionless among the bare roots of the stump, which is standing in a puddle of water. I stop and reload, as there may be other birds, and while I am returning the ramrod to its pipes, a sharp nose with two beady eyes snatches at a wing of the partridge, and jerks it out of sight, under water and under the stump. Surely game around this carry has cheek.

The others come along just then and we all return to camp. They had found a fine cover for birds, saw a disappearance of partridge (so had I), and enormous blueberries.

Nothing more here of interest; we hasten on and have everything packed and toted to the landing to start promptly after dinner, which is about the same as the previous repasts. We buy potatoes, milk, blueberry cake, a pan of biscuit, settle up, say "farewell" and quit, wondering if we will find "anything good to eat" thereafter.

Joe has just arrived with a load, two canoes and some baggage, some men whom we have not before seen, also Jack Mann and three or four other men who have walked over for company. Two of the men with the canoes are explorers for timber; the other two are going to make some repairs on dams, etc. These last are expecting to pick up some cant dogs on the falls which were lost in driving time. All these subjects are discussed while the loading of the canoes is going on down at the landing and there is interchange of questions and information about the pitch of water and kindred matters, some of them novel to us.

The river bank is six or seven feet high. A gully or graduated path worn by the feet of boatmen, etc. leads to the water's edge which is muddy and covered with weeds. The West branch is dark, still water, and there is not a sound save our voices.

Our conversation is interrupted by sight of a canoe coming down stream in which are two men. Their load is

entirely covered with rubber blankets, tucked in and lashed. They approach the bank and hold to the shore by their paddles. There is no greeting which proves that they are strangers. No gun or rod is in sight only a frying pan, a coffee pot and two or three buckets. They begin first, and ask questions about distances: Chesuncook, etc.; pitch of water; about carries, and in fact many things. Then they go on down stream. "Smugglers," said Jack in a low voice. "I'd like some of the Hennessey brandy they got in there," says another. "Wouldn't pay them to take along brandy," says Jack, "too heavy, too breakable, besides taking such a trip, they'd carry much more expensive stuff than liquor—and packed in waterproof things. They're not taking this trip just to save duty on liquor. They came from the Canada line, fifty miles above here. They wouldn't come ashore for anything. Wouldn't have asked questions only they don't know just where they are." "I didn't see no gun," says one. "They've got guns," said Jack, "in their pockets. I saw the shape of one when they turned their backs." The other parties start off and we watch them till out of sight. We load our canoe, get in and adjust ourselves and holding to the bank with our paddles prolong our parting discussions and receive Jack's final advice.

Well, we must be off. Good-by, boys. Good-by, Jack. Keep on dreaming.

"Yes, I will, and when you turn in nights, and are watchin' the sparks go up into the tree tops, and the shapes the smoke takes on; think of Jack Mann and you'll see me amongst the shapes there, and I'll tell you things that'll happen right there years from now. Good-by. Good luck."

A parting look toward the house perceives the team standing idle, and Joe is chasing the pig, which is abroad again.

"Oh-h-h; sacre cochon, animal, peeg. Que je vous empoigne. Finissez donc. Nom de nom, de cochon." The

delighted unctuous grunts of the happy pig also reach our ears. Rose Morris is on the veranda in the pose of "Evangeline," hands folded, and is gazing at the pig race."

As we are the only party that is going as far as Chesuncook, we are given letters to take along. Everybody is mail carrier, the R. F. D. was not at that time.

We shout and wave our hats. They likely see us but make no sign. We give a push with the paddles and our canoe ripples out upon the bosom of the long anticipated "West Branch" and severs us from this "border of civilization."

Here the stream is placid, dark, mysterious; yonder uneasy, turbulent. To what will it bear us?

Leaving Kineo we had the parting benediction of the donkey, now the benediction of the pig, or is he trying to convey to us a message which we may comprehend later on? That little pig remembers the scraps that I fed to him. We must study "hog latin." Fare ye well, North East Carry."

From this point to the close of the trip at Bangor, the events are all of the one trip, and nothing is "interwoven for historical or other reasons." The elevations and distances are from the report of the Water Storage Commission of 1911 and are of course, just the same as they have been for fifty years or more, with the exception of Pine Stream Falls, which were "flowed out" before 1911. For that I note the estimate current at the time of this trip.

This stretch of the river is the Lobster deadwater to Lobster stream, entering two miles below. In places a fringe of alders extends along. In others birches and maples, ill-shaped, dead and half dead trees slant dejectedly in all directions. Every sound echoes, our voices, the scrape of a paddle against the canoe, the chatter



JOE CROSS. Kineo Guide

of a Kingfisher in his curving flight from tree to tree.

Our course from Bangor to this point has been northwest, from here to Chesuncook will be northeast. It is not in memory why we went to Lobster Lake (Matahumkeag) unless because Joe Atteau (Thoreau's first guide) told that freshwater lobster abounded in it.

Lobster stream enters on the right. Here are two channels, one on each side of a grassy island or heap of gravel, formed by the current, and 12 or 15 feet in diameter. At this pitch of water there is very much island and very little channel, the lower channel has just enough water for the canoe to pass, but it scrapes on the many colored pebbles. Above the island there is deeper water, very much clearer, with a perceptible current. The stream is about three rods wide, the bank on our left is three or four feet above the level of the water. The thicket open, second growth, some attractive glades. The side on our right is swampy. The alders are dense, on the water's edge and in the water. These conditions do not vary in the two mile extent of the stream, except that the water becomes clearer as we approach the lake. Once, we hear the splashing in the swamp of an animal, which, through the alders, we dimly perceive, with its long legs.

Nearing the lake we see a glade which must have been made for us, good landing, clear water, plenty of dry wood. We land, find a small clearing, the poles of a shelter tent standing, a bed of spruce boughs faded to red by age, a rock fire place. Our tent is a small shelter tent, to be set only in case of rain. We unpack, lay our rubber army blankets on the boughs, then our tent spread flat, gather an armful of wood, and we are ready for the night with the afternoon before us for exploration, and decide to look over Lobster Lake, if we like it we will stay another day, if not we will quit next morning.

We started on and in ten minutes reached the lake, which we at once saw could not be explored in less than a day. We turned to the right

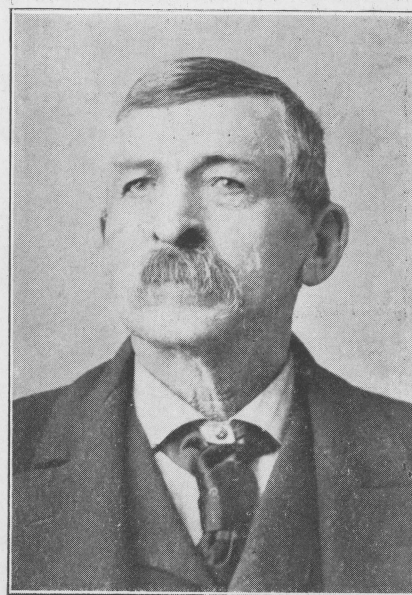
which was the smaller part and was swampy all along. I saw a long, low beach on the farther side and asked them to head for it and leave me there. I thought I might find a bird or two, and they could keep on and pick me up on the return.

I found there some sand-beaches, short and long, wide and level, with scraggly dwarf spruces, low-bush blueberries, ferns and underbrush. Farther on, I saw under some scattered assorted trees and bushes, two half-grown partridges, one near the edge, the other a dozen feet away. The nearest hopped up to a low branch and stared at me, the other staid where it stood; a partridge once treed will stay there. I shot the other one and saw it fall, the other stared and gave me time to reload, and I shot it.

I again reloaded, there might be others; then picked up the nearest bird. I had lost sight of the other bird, and could not find it. I looked over the ground covered with leaves and twigs, but there was just one bird and no more. I returned three times to the spot from different angles, and the last time saw some objects under the trees that appeared to be crab shells, or small lobster shells, crawled in and found the shells to be imaginary, but put my hand on the first partridge which had been there all the time, its colors so in harmony with the rubbish that I could not see it.

I went out to the shore to await the return of the canoe, it was on the way. Arriving, they saw the birds; having heard the shots made no comments; told me they had made casts in likely places but with no result.

We now headed east, nearing the turn into the much larger part of the lake which lies to the south. Also, here, was revealed a grand view of Mt. Ktaadn in the east, its summit, hid in a cloud, glowing in the colors of sunset, appearing about 15 miles distant, but in reality more than 40 miles. We landed at the turn and decided to stay there awhile. Over beyond the great Moosehead lake, now three or four miles from us westerly, nature is preparing an unusual sun-



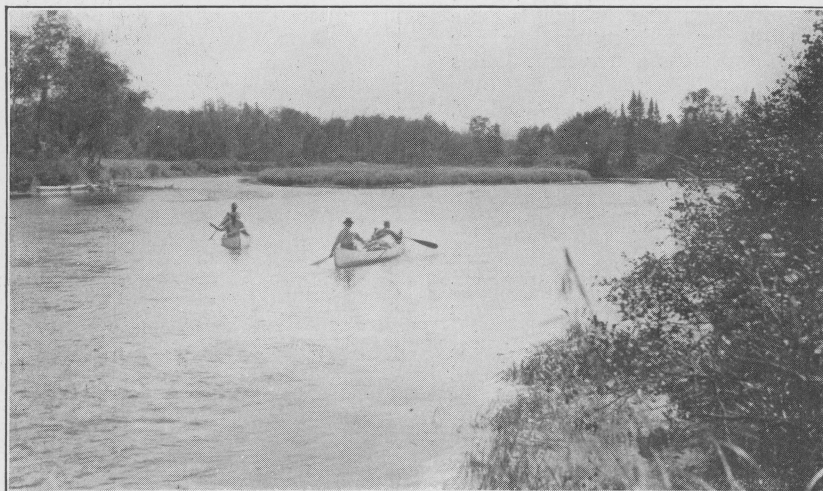
Capt. Louis Gill.

Came to Kineo in 1857, guided, ran a sailboat, (afterwards converted into a small steamer) and commanded "The Fairy of the Lake" from 1872 to 1882.

set, and at this hour the lake is a scenic paradise.

Just here a headland (ledge) had pushed itself out over the sand beach to the water, thick black growth, mostly cedar grew on the top of it. We conceived the idea of climbing up there where we would have the view of the mountain and of the sunset, possibly get rid of the black flies. We found deep soft moss to lie on, the flies quit because of the cedar. We staid until twilight. What a place to camp, our fire on the beach, our bedroom up one flight, bed all ready. Long after the sun had set over the low western ridge the great mountain was brilliant with the pink, rose and violet rays. When these ceased we came down and paddled to camp. On the way we were entertained by the barking of a fox, the wail of a loon, the crackling dive of a nighthawk. Camp was as we left it, we eat what we had brought from the Morris house, got the two birds ready for a stew and stowed them in one of the buckets; then another night in the woods, not yet in the wilderness.

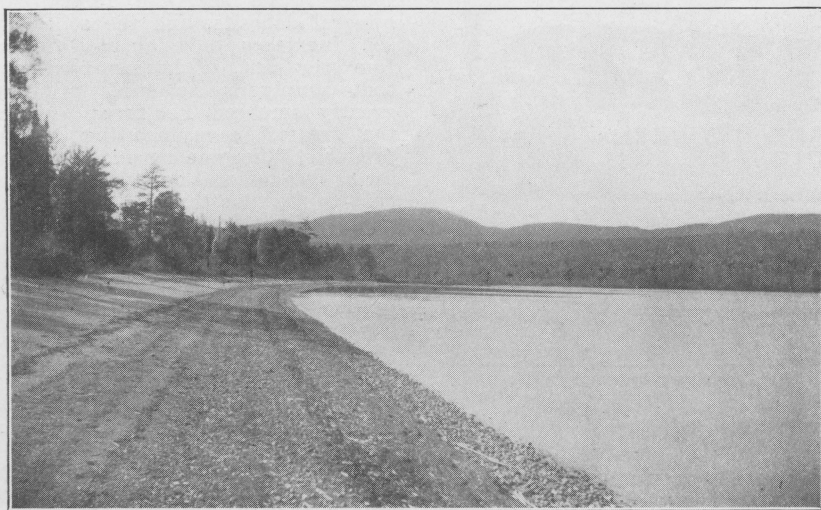
If sunset on a lonely lakes incites to poetry and romance, a sunrise on the same lake incites to action and adventure. We begin where the stream leaves the lake; and first observe a little mud pond or spring hole fifty feet in diameter exactly on the easterly corner, the surface three feet or more above the surface of the lake. Seeing no inlet or outlet for this pug-hole we cannot account for the difference of level. Next, along the left hand shore, is the old abandoned Jenkins farm, with many groups of young second growth trees and open grassy spaces—attractive—in one an old log cuffed to pieces by bears in search of ants or something else. Next a very long curving sand beach with a long ledge pushing out



Mouth of Lobster Stream.



Every man has the impulse to "break training" now and then.



The Sand Beach, Lobster Lake.

at each end, very attractive in itself, and with a fine vista of Lobster mountain and other hills in a southwest direction. We land at the south end of this beach, and ascend the ledge, finding a level space which must have been used for a camp. Years afterward I (remembering) camped there. Beyond this a wood road leading in a northerly direction (which we did not enter).

We skirt the curving shore which extends to the south, there is deeper water and some enormous rocks clearly visible at a depth of thirty feet or more. Should we be drowned among those would we ever be found? More peculiar beaches come in view, some irregular coves with low sandy promontories covered with graceful trees. The Spencer mountains appear grandly in the southwest, and the lake narrows until we arrive at the head of it, which is about four miles from our camp. Here two lively brooks enter the lake, about a dozen rods apart, and each about a rod wide. Very cold water running fast over sand and gravel, and with some deep holes. "Must be trout here." We cast our flies and trout of a pound weight take them eagerly, at every rise clearing the surface by a foot. "They are here sure." In half an hour we take all we want. We find plenty of enormous high bush blueberries. We have lunch and then fill every dish and bag with berries. We may see no others later on. By this time a strong south wind is blowing through the gorge where the brooks enter, and will help us down the lake. We start, keeping close to the left hand shore, for safety, the wind and waves increase. Seeing a narrow entrance to a cove we enter, to wait till the wind calms down, and have a "sight of sights." Just inside the inlet the cove widens to 200 acres covered with pond lilies in full bloom, mostly white; a few pink. This is the climax of Lobster Lake, no one has mentioned this feature, perhaps

no eyes but our own will see this display this season.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed cares of ocean bear.
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

These lines are conceited, are there no eyes other than human? When you find pond lilies you want to gather every one, but here are a hundred boat loads; we take some of each color to decorate camp. They will be a reminder of a wonderful sight. "O Fairest Adriatic! Might I lie at ease and contemplate thy charm."

The wind is quieter and we go out into the lake where it is rough yet, but we get along rapidly and safely. We soon reach the outlet, there are five ducks in the little pond on the bank (before mentioned). We turn the canoe to the right and get behind a clump of trees, one takes the shotgun and we land. It is an easy shot. Three ducks fly and two flop over and lie still. The bank is too muddy and covered with bushes, we cannot use the canoe: we take one of our rods and rig a large bare hook on the line,

and make a cast over the ducks. As soon as the tackle falls on them they muster vitality enough to dive, and we see them no more—"disappearance of duck." The next move is to camp, and supper. The wind has blown up some clouds, there will be a storm soon. The sunset is tame, the trees rustle and thrash; we reduce our baggage, and make ready for a start at sunrise. Thoreau noted a bird that uttered one song at exactly 10 o'clock p. m. Shall we hear that bird?

Lobster Lake is a big spring-hole among mountains, fed by ice-cold brooks from other spring-holes—a scenic dream, natural shores, clear water, sand beaches, headlands, mountain views in every direction, trout, blueberries, pond lilies, fox barks, wails of loons, deer splashings (perhaps), partridges, and a "disappearance of duck." So much for Lobster Lake.

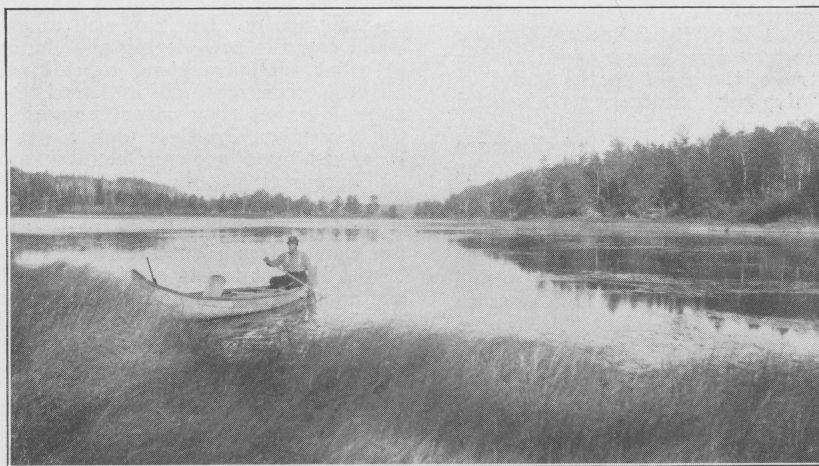
We start at sunrise, and will have the honor to meet you at the mouth of this Lobster stream, in Part Five, and relate our adventures from that point.

NOTES: Oliver Young had a house at the foot of the Northeast Carry in 1863, and hauled there in that and other years.

Nick Curran built the first shanty at the head of the Carry, later, about 1875, and hauled there in that and other years.

When the wise, old, fat ox that hauled the car over the wooden railway across the Northeast Carry, came to rotten ties that made the walking difficult, he would get up onto one or the other of the rails (a foot wide and smooth) and travel on it until he came to a stretch of solid ties; would then step down and travel in his proper place between the rails.

Miss Annie Fox, our telephone operator, did double duty through the Red Brook fire, but came out cheerful as ever. That's it, Annie, always smile.



The Pond Lily Cove, Lobster Lake.



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Editorials

CITIZENSHIP.

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

The above preamble is an old statement of American policies and principles. Indeed it was adopted by our forefathers upon their acceptance of the Constitution. A frequent rehearsal of this is good for every American citizen. And, in fact, it is well for us all, to now and then, read both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution in their entirety. With such a heritage as they bestow, every citizen should indulge his citizenship to the full. Citizenship! A great word! It is fraught with meaning. We have not the space here to discuss it in its fullness. But we wish to bare simply one of its phases—suffrage, the right to the ballot or its equivalent. Suffrage is essential to all emancipated citizenship.

The observance of Independence Day is of great importance. Let it be done with the sound of the trumpet and with the pomp of parade. Let the youth celebrate it with exploding shell. Let the evening shadows be illumined with artificial lightings and let the night shades be set aflame with the bursting rocket. But this, per se, is not citizenship. The real kernel of National Life lies far hidden from this outer show and noise. It largely lies in the hand of the citizen holding the ballot. It may seem a small matter for an individual to cast a vote. The mere casting of the vote is, but the principle which it involves and the

wholesome responsibility which the privilege incurs is mighty.

In the State of Maine we have, as a method of choosing candidates for public office, the plan known as the Primary Law by which candidates are all selected by popular vote. We are not discussing either the merit or the demerit of this method; but we are insisting that so long as this is the method, every citizen within the range of possibility, should live up to his or her privilege and seriously meet the obligation.

Within the next few weeks—in September—there will be a State wide election. These columns are not open to solicitation in the interest of political candidates, much less to the preaching of partisan, political theory or plan. But they are open to all that has to do with fundamental citizenship. We know of no better Fourth of July message which *The Northern* could bring to its readers than a call to a faithful exercise of an American citizen's sovereign right, namely his franchise. Vote, vote, vote.

CONSERVATION

The vast resources of the land in which we live have made us wasters, unintentionally. One can well understand how the bewildering abundance, of what we have come to call our natural resources, so enthused our ancestors that they never thought of the day when limitless plenty would be taxed by a growing country and an increasing population. That day, however, is at hand.

Only people living in a savage state are thoughtless about the future. One of the highest trusts of civilization is the task of taking care of the accumulations of the past and providing for the generations that are to come. That man lives for himself indeed, who selfishly takes full measure of all that is at hand, while he denies responsibility to those who must subsist later, where he has had first chance.

The means of human subsistence are mainly dependent upon four

sources: the sea, the forests, the mineral deposits, and the soil. The sea furnishes only about three or four per cent. of human food; and that supply is incapable of being greatly increased. The forests demand the greatest care in utilizing their products. When one considers the matter of our mineral deposits, it is very easy to see that there is a limit fixed which cannot be passed. That which is deposited is the limit. When our present supply is gone, there is no more. The soil is the only one of the four that is capable of being indefinitely extended in its supply. To be sure there is a limit to the extent of available arable lands, but there is hardly a limit to be placed to the possible productivity of what does exist.

So heedless are we of the pressing need for the conservation of these resources that the mention of such need calls a smile to many faces. We can't seem to break the spell that has so long held us—held our ancestors, before us—in the idea that we shall never run ourselves short. So we go on wasting, with the lordly notion that it is really the part of a good American. Nothing, really, could be more unAmerican! When the sinkings of shipping was going on at such an alarming rate, and Mr. Hoover was making his gripping appeal to America to conserve her food supply, asking that we order only so much food at a given meal as we could eat at that time—sending away well cleaned plates—two ladies were overheard talking of the matter of the cleaned plate. One of them said to the other, that she had never thought of the matter in that light before. She said she had always thought it a little aristocratic, a little distinctive Americanism to send away her plate with uneaten food upon it. In her war-time frankness, that woman probably said what most of us feel in one way or another, that it is American to be wasteful. The war taught us that the food supply of the world is limited, and a great catastrophe can put in jeopardy the welfare of the race.

A little care, on the part of individuals, would make possible enormous savings in the aggregate. When we reflect that the great sums of money that are withdrawn from actual support of life and the pursuit of pleasure, and invested in business as capital, were saved bit by bit by individual sacrifice we can get some idea of what could be accumulated if we all tried our best. We are not carelessly passing over the distinction to be made between conserving our resources and saving our income; these two are so closely related in any scheme for real advancement that they must be associated—by saving we conserve.

A great scientific writer has said, "Of all the sinful wasters of man's inheritance in the earth—and all are in the regard sinners—the very worst are the people of America." We are always complaining of the waste in



Don't envy the fellow who seems to be doing better than you; study him.

our national administration, we are always complaining of the waste in state affairs, we never cease to find fault with the lack of efficient management in municipal expenditures. One can drive through some of the richest agricultural lands in the country and see farm machinery that has been standing in the field since the team was unhitched last season.

In closing, it might be well enough to take account of the fact that the first national movement in the direction of conservation was made by President Roosevelt in 1908, when he called a convention of the state governors to consider what could be done in this direction. As a result, a National Conservation Commission was formed. Mexico and Canada were invited to join, and the idea grew to the proposition of calling a World Conservation Congress. In this way the National Government has undertaken a much needed reform.

GEOMETRY AND ACCOUNTANCY

When we were studying Geometry (some less than a century ago) we were given the definition of a straight line to be considered as an axiom. The definition was that a straight line is the shortest path between two points. We do not presume that a chief accountant, as such, needs to know this. But as an auto driver, running between Bangor and Greenville and visa versa, it would be well to keep this very practical fact in mind.

MISSING

Has anyone seen Pete?

Pete who?

Petroleum.

Kerosene him yesterday and he hasn't benzine since.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

May 28th the many friends of Fire Warden Charles Monroe, visited his camp on the Grant Farm-Ripogonus road, six and one-half miles from the Grant Farm, to pay their respects, it being Mr. Monroe's birthday and from all account the evening will long be remembered by all present. About sixty from all directions, came and made merry, and at a late hour departed for home, leaving Mr. Monroe shouting "The best evening ever—all be sure to come again."

Charles is rather feminine, he would not tell his age—and kept his cap on.

Mr. Earl Stratton is employed by the Ellsworth Foundry and Machine Work, his work being chiefly on motor boats and yachts from Bar Harbor. Mr. Stratton was formerly employed by the Company.

Hugh Gibbons is serving as Asst. Clerk at the Grant Farm.

Forest Fire Facts

Everyone knows that "a stitch in time saves nine," and that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Nowhere is this more true than in forest fire protection. Every fire, no matter how big, has a beginning so small that it could be stopped by a child. A few hours later, whole armies may not be able to control it.

Fire is a monster that never sleeps. Each year it destroys or damages enough timber in the United States to build homes for half the population of the State of Maine.

Nearly all forest fires are due to thoughtlessness. Lack of care with matches, smoking materials, and camp fires has turned many a beautiful forest into a scene of desolation.

Good woodsmen know that fire is always dangerous and are correspondingly careful in its use. Here are a few rules that will help to prevent damage:

Never drop a lighted match into dry grass, leaves or other inflammable material. Break every match or roll it between your fingers before throwing it away.

Throw cigarette stubs, cigar butts, or pipe heels into water or stamp them out on bare soil or rock.

Never build a large fire in the woods. Small ones are better for both cooking and warmth.

Never build a fire against a log or a tree, or on leaves, moss, duff, or other vegetable material. Build it against a rock or cliff, in a pit, in a stone fireplace, or better still in a collapsible stove or other metal container.

Never leave a fire until it is completely out. Quench it with water if possible, if not, bury it with mineral soil. Never scatter the embers or cover them with ashes or with soil containing vegetable material.

Refrain entirely from smoking or building fires in the woods in times of drought.

Never pass an untended fire, no matter how small, without putting it out. If it is too large to handle yourself, get help. Remember that a fire put out is a forest saved.

Teach others carefulness. *Be careful yourself.*—Prepared by S. T. Dana.

May you live as long as you "want to,"
May you "want to" as long as you live.
If I am asleep and you "want to" awake me,
If I am awake and don't "want to" make me.—Paymaster Blake.

Everything is divided equally. The rich man has the twin-six and the poor man has the six twins.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Hill and daughter Adelaide spent the week-end, June 9-12, with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Twombly at their very pleasant farm in Monroe. Mr. and Mrs. Twombly were at Pittston Farm during the years of 1919 and 1920.

Teacher: "Johnny, if you don't behave I'll have to send a note to your father."

Johnny: "You'd better not. Ma's as jealous as a cat."

Fire was discovered from the Pittston boarding house June 2nd. A crew was soon raised and the fire was discovered to be at the rear of Roscoe Emery's garage. A. L. Misou of the Telephone Dept. put his Ford truck into action carrying men and equipment. This was of much service. The fire truck was phoned for at Rockwood, and was soon at the scene of the fire. Good work was done by the band of fighters before the arrival of the truck and this with the assistance of the truck's equipment soon extinguished the flames.

H. Hellyer was in Bangor on business recently and while there purchased a new Willys Knight car.

Paymaster Blake, who has been paying the Sourdnhunk Drive is now substituting for L. Titcomb who is on his vacation.

TO PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE CONTRIBUTORS

We wish to remind all of our contributors that the necessary limit to receive "copy" for *The Northern* is on or before the tenth of the month. We need "copy" somewhat in advance as pre-arrangements are necessary before the paper goes to press. Not alone are we inconvenienced by delayed material, but it is a hardship to the publisher, who makes the publication of *The Northern* the first work of the office on the week of the fifteenth.

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence,
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief,
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.
—Van Dyke.

The North Branch Drive was in at Pittston June 8th.

Many a man who thinks he is a whale is a poor fish.



Acres of Opportunity

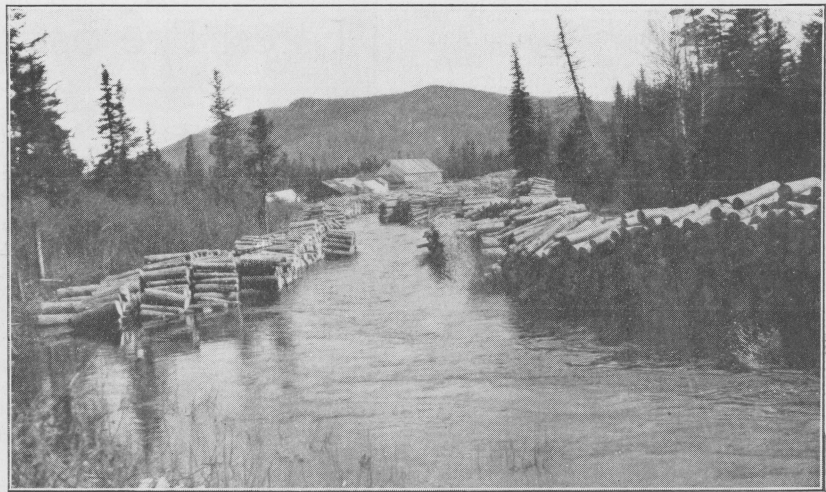
By the "Movie Man"

"Acres of Diamonds!" Did you ever hear the story about "Acres of Diamonds?" It is the story of a farmer who was tired of scratching the soil. He wanted to get rich quick. One evening, he read in a newspaper of the wonderful acres of diamonds found in Africa. He rented his farm, and journeyed to Africa. He couldn't find the diamonds. He circled the whole globe in search of the diamonds, told about in the newspaper—all in vain. He returned to his farm broken hearted. As there was nothing else to do, he determined to dig deeper in his own soil. And lo and behold! he found acres of diamonds on his own land.

I, too, have traveled far and wide, but nowhere have I found the acres of opportunity which lie in wait for anybody who will go after them in Northern Maine. I refer especially to the territory and the operations of the Great Northern. Splendid trade opportunities everywhere! Golden opportunities for vocational training and vocational success in many lines of human endeavor!

For example, what a wonderful chance to equip oneself for the immense Forestry Service, both State and Federal. The practical insight into life in the woods and daily experience thus gained are certainly a more solid foundation for a great career in the Forestry Service than any amount of book-learning. Every phase of the woods operations contributes to such career if one will but understand and learn to apply his daily knowledge.

I was impressed with the large fleet of boats, from the canoe to the steamboat, daily plying the waters of Moosehead Lake and the Penobscot in Great Northern territory. The manning of these boats is an excellent basis for a career in the Merchant



Wood Along the Stream Sourdnhunk.

Marine. Very few city fellows who dream about the Merchant Marine as a career have such opportunity to learn all about steamboats, crude oil burners, scows and launches in daily use in the Northern territory.

Again the motor truck service, including trucks, tractors, and machines of many types offer the best training school for a big career in the automobile industry, the second or third largest industry in the United States. Henry Ford had nothing on Billy Ford when he first started out to experiment with his car.

The new machine shop at Greenville is the best university in the country for a practical knowledge of the automotive industries destined to revolutionize American transportation and American life in the next ten years.

One can go on for many pages, enumerating the different kinds of work done by different classes of people everywhere in the Northern territory, each kind the basis for a career if one will only look ahead, but I was surprised how few men, in conversation, realized these opportunities

for vocational advancement in their own lines of work. They didn't begin to appreciate the free help which the Company, the State and the Nation were ready to give them to make the most of their opportunity. For example, I saw large assortments of magazines everywhere in the territory, especially important from the standpoint of a certain line of work. Few realize that these magazines and newspapers are the People's University, read in the light of the special work they are doing. A trade magazine diligently read in the light of one's own trade is the best professor ever born. To do your daily work according to the best knowledge your trade affords and to read and reflect on your work at the end of your day will give you a college education and a training for a future career such as no money can buy. It is the best kind of vocational training thus far devised. What is important for you to know is that the department of education of both the state and nation stand ready to help you carry out any ambition for a career based on learning by doing the kinds of work daily performed in the woods. You would be surprised how much practical help you can get to realize your ambition by dropping a postal card to the Commissioner of Education in Augusta or in Washington. Try it.

PHILIP DAVIS.

HUMAN LIMITS

The Parliamentary candidate for a certain agricultural district was never shy of telling the voters why they should return him as their M. P.

"I am a practical farmer," said he at one meeting. "I can plow, reap, milk cows, work a chaff-cutter, shoe a horse—in fact, I should like you to tell me any one thing about a farm which I cannot do."

Then, in the impressive silence, a small voice asked from the back of the crowd:

"Can you lay an egg."—*Exchange.*



View of Sourdnhunk Drive.



You don't need to fear tomorrow if you have done your level best today.

... Remember Where ...

Remember when grimy roller towels were the rule instead of the exception. Possibly this is a pretty good reason for the difference nowadays in the death rate from communicable diseases compared with what it was twenty years ago. Somebody took a look at those germ-infested towels under a microscope and they looked pretty crawly evidently. We are all careful what we wipe our hands and face on these days. We know better. He knows he's good for another 50 if he takes care of himself.

Remember when the young fellows imagined that it was necessary to "sow their wild oats" and pretty often reap a disastrous harvest in order to be acclaimed "one of the boys." That

Remember when the common drinking cup abounded in every public place to be used by us and the tuberculous, the scrofulous, the pest ridden and the unclean. No wonder Dr. Osler many years ago said all men over 50 should be chloroformed. They were through. Should think they'd want to be. Don't see how they lived that long, do you? A man nowadays doesn't worry much about being 50. sort of popularity was costly wasn't it? And the quacks were the ones who made money out of this sort of popularity. Fortunately we know better about those things nowadays. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" we were taught. They should have added and "Next to Happiness too."

Remember when baby had an old rag with a bit of sugar in it stuck in its mouth to keep it quiet—and remember when it dropped on the floor, somebody usually picked it up and put it back in baby's little rosebud mouth all nicely coated with disease germs from the dusty or dirty floor. No wonder so many babies died then before they were a year old.

Remember, speaking again of the little cooing baby—when mother fed the baby fourteen times that day that some times it cried for more. So they made a dope fiend of baby to keep him quiet "so he wouldn't make father nervous." Paregoric, I think it was. And then we wonder why we have so many stunted minds and criminally inclined men and women. Mothers these days know you can kill a child with food, either the wrong kind or too much and they refuse to "dope" the baby in order to keep it quiet.

And on and on without end—we are solving our problems. Life is growing more complete.

We value our health and take pride in our clean and vigorous manhood and womanhood and our little babies are given half a chance at least. All of this is due to Health Education. Did you ever think of that? Health Education. The whole world is doing it. It pays. Here in Maine we are



Jam on Sourdnahunk Stream.

putting up a big fight and we are going to make Maine the healthiest State in the Union. Read the Health Plan for Maine being put on the boards by the Maine Public Health Association, headquarters in Augusta. It is the work of associations and groups like this body that is making the world better to live in and deserves the support of every right minded man and woman in Maine. Get in line. It's worth it.



View on Sourdnahunk Stream.

Ravages of Forest Fires

*Timber Loss Annually Would
Build Homes for City
of 40,000.*

Every year forest fires in the United States destroy or damage sufficient timber to build houses for the entire population of a city of the size of Washington, D. C.; New Orleans, Denver or San Francisco, according to a statement issued by the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture, through "Safeguarding America Against Fire" the official bulletin of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. The area burned over each year, it is said, is equal to a strip ten miles wide, reaching from New York City to Denver.

The statement directs attention to the fact that 15 years ago the bulk of public opinion against forest fires was in the east. Today it is in the west where 60 per cent. of the remaining timber supply of the country is located. Over 81,000,000 acres of forest land that were formerly covered with timber are logged off or burned and completely denude of tree growth. The solution of forestry problems, experts say, lies largely in fire prevention and reforestation.

The National forests, which contain 498,000,000 board feet of merchantable timber, or 23 per cent. of the remaining timber in the country, are said to bear an important relation to an adequate future wood supply for the nation. These forests are today receiving protection from forest fires and are being cut to a limited extent so as to maintain a continuous production of new forests.

The fire loss in the National forests was limited in 1921 to 376,208 acres. A total of 5,851 fires occurred, 75 per cent. of which were due to human agencies and could have been prevented by care on the part of forest users. The direct loss amounted to \$212,182 worth of timber and forage destroyed, and \$512,106 was spent by the Forest Service in fire fighting.

Fires in the National forests of Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California, numbered 3,843, or 65 per cent. of the total. In the National forests of Arkansas and Florida, 354 fires burned over 118,500 acres.

Will Clarkins and his crew of road Grant Farm road in repair. Keep it workers are very busy keeping the up, Bill. Great work!

Jim Laws is scouting around through the woods trying to dope up another bear story to get ahead of the one Sherm Douglas had in the News.

Mr. Fred W. Fairbanks has secured a rent at Greenville Jct., and will soon move there from Bangor.



THE MAN AT THE DESK

By PAUL HAYDEN

"NOT AMONG THE RINGS OF TALKERS"

Not among
The rings of talkers,
On the corners
Of our marts,
Would I stand in conversation,
(Easiest of all the arts)
But far out
Upon the hillside,
Where the farmer
Guides his plow,
On the scaffolds
With the workers,
Where the weavers
Bend and bow. . . .
Place me with
The living doers,
Men of brains
And men of hearts;
Not among
The rings of talkers
On the corners
Of our marts.

* * *

*There are any number of people
who do the talking while some few
do the doing.*

* * *

A rich miser is the poorest of men.

* * *

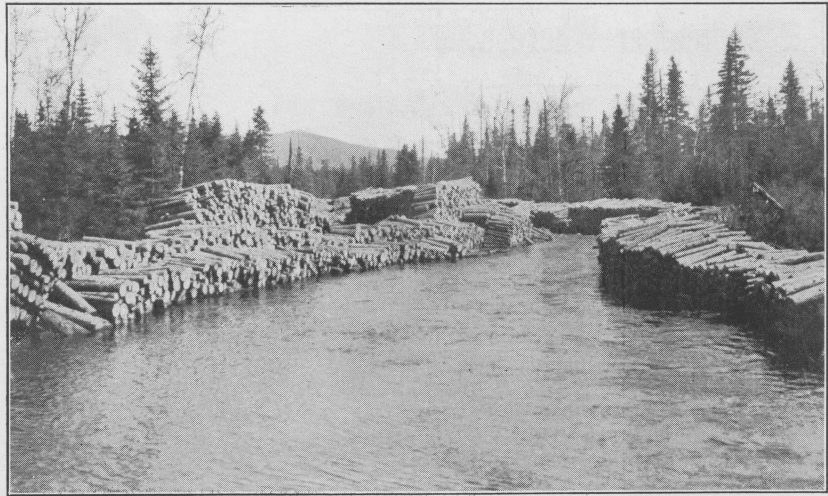
*A broad view is gained by climbing
high. You will never see beyond your-
self as long as you only see yourself.*

* * *

The productive mechanism of a state does not rest in any one class, nor can any one class win a cause by throwing a monkey-wrench into the machinery of production. They can only throw the entire machinery out of order and can make no progress until the machinery is repaired and again working, all parts in co-operation.



Lunch Time, Sourdnaunk Drive.



Wood Along the Stream Sourdnaunk.

As oil and water can never mix, so it is impossible to have revolution and production at the same time. The world needs its revolutions from time to time, but it will die without production *most* of the time. Often an individual class believes it can gain its end by stopping production. Russia is the answer.

* * *

The man who waits along the road
For Luck to come and find him,
Will find that Luck walks slow enough
To still stay back behind him.

While he who runs to overtake
Luck down the road beyond,
Will find she walks just slow enough
To let herself be found.

* * *

Society consists of capitalists, owners of factories and industrial organizations, administrators, technically trained workers and laborers. A strike by any one of these units of production reacts upon all and gains but temporary, if any, advantage for itself.

An oppression by one class or another brings sure retribution. Again, Russia has taught us this lesson.

* * *

And now that we have seen the great object, what will be the future plans of labor and capital when the wheels of industry again turn? Will each still believe in its own independence? We hardly believe it. Capital has lost too much profits and labor has lost too much wages, owing to their misunderstood "independence" of each other, to go entirely back to the disagreement and bickerings of the past. We believe the trials of the past year will have taught the wisdom of interdependence and co-operation.

Let us see that it is so.

—o—

Henry Bartley's trucks are working day and night getting lumber and supplies in for this year's operations.

—o—

"Really," gasped the automobilist, bending over his victim, "really, I didn't hit you intentionally."

"Aw, go on," returned the fallen one belligerently, "whatcher got that bumper on yer car for, if you don't aim to go runnin' into people?"

—o—

Howard Lovejoy and wife and her sister, a well known nurse, had lunch at Duck pond Sunday, June 4.

—o—

ONE TO GO

"Are you the photographer, Meester?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you take children's pictures?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How much do you charge,"

"Three dollars a dozen."

"Well, I'll have to see you again. I've only got eleven children."

—o—

Miss Shirley Leighton paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Keller on Spencer Mountain Look Out Station, last week.



He who estimates his money the highest, values himself the least.

MADISON MILL

Charles W. Marden and Frank Russell left Monday, May 15th for a fishing trip to Moosehead Lake.

* * *

The Madison Mill recently added a Stewart truck to its yard work. They also have two White trucks.

* * *

Benjamin Isaacson of Lewiston was at the mill during the week of May 8th, cleaning up the iron junk.

* * *

Jesse Mitchell has had the fishing fever for some time and has reported nice catches on his various trips.

* * *

The new cylinder paper machine for making newspaper, is running very satisfactory at the present time.

* * *

Ingleton Schenck, Superintendent of Madison Mill, made a business trip to Boston during week of May 15th.

* * *

Howard Chase of F. C. Bowler's office at Millinocket was in Madison on Saturday, May 27th, on business.

* * *

Lewis Fling of the Bureau of Economy office of Millinocket arrived in Madison Saturday, June 3rd for a business trip.

* * *

Lewis Fling left Madison Thursday, May 8th, for his home in Millinocket after being at Madison for over a month.

* * *

Sidney Rand has recently installed a Clapp Eastham Type H R. Radio Receiving Set and is getting very excellent results.

* * *

Ingleton Schenck, Jr., Ralph Gilman, Andrew Strang and Mr. Koenig made a week-end fishing trip May 27th to Grace Pond.

* * *

Lewis Fling of Millinocket, Dr. Rodden, Mr. Phelan and Mr. Oscar Flanders made an auto trip to the Forks Sunday, May 14th.

* * *

Elmer Towne, who has been in Florida during the winter months, has returned home to Madison and is going to lead the boys' band this summer.

* * *

Ingleton Schenck recently made a trip to Boston to labor conference. Also did Orion Moody, Mose Knox, Guy Howard, Harry Gee and Frank Silver.

On May 11th, George H. Marden spent the day fishing on Sandy stream. He said it was very cold, but came home with 13 nice trout. Byron Marden also went with him.

* * *

Carrol Eames recently sold his house to Harry Merrill, the insurance man. Mr. Eames is storing his furniture at the home of Miss Claudia Blanchard.

* * *

Scotty Robinson recently made a trip to Millinocket, returning in his Studebaker car. His car was very muddy when arriving at Madison and he reported the roads very bad in places.

* * *

Practically the whole town of West Mills was burned on Wednesday morning, May 24th. It is believed that this fire was set, although at this writing no definite information has been obtained.

* * *

Charles W. Marden and Frank Russell returned Monday, May 22nd from a week's fishing trip to Moosehead Lake. They came home with a good catch of fish.

* * *

On May 20th William Jardine and Gus Johnson made an auto trip to Boston in Mr. Johnson's Saxon. While there Mr. Johnson exchanged his Saxon for a Hudson Speedster. They reported a wonderful trip.

* * *

Mr. Toppan of the Cone Bag Company, Ora Gilman, Ralph Gilman and Ingleton Schenck, Jr., went to Bald Mountain over Sunday on a fishing trip, and arrived home on the noon train Monday with a beautiful string.

* * *

Rev. John R. Browne has recently been appointed pastor of the local Methodist church. He was recently located in Bath, Maine. He was Chaplain in the World War, and married while in France. They have a very beautiful boy 20 months old. Mr. Browne preached his first sermon on Sunday, May 7th, to a large congregation.

* * *

Considerable building is under way here in Madison. A. Christopher is building a large block at the corner of Madison and Main street. Understand the lower floor is to be used as a bank. Then there is another new bank to be built on the corner of Maple street to Dr. L. F. Norris and Kent house was recently moved from. This land was recently purchased by the Augusta Trust Company. On account of so much business in its present location, it has become necessary to enlarge their quarters. Dr. W. G. Sawyer recently sold his house on Maple street to Dr. L. F. Norris and Dr. Sawyer is having a new bungalow built by The Foundation Company of New York City. It is said there has not been so much building going on at one time for 30 years. The new high school building is progressing very satisfactory.

THE ALL-STAR FOOTBALL ELEVEN

Norman Smith is showing good form playing football. He is very prompt in getting his kicks off and shows splendid judgment in handling his team, which is composed of Bob Canders, Frank Daley, Connie Brosnahan, Charlie Sawtelle and a few other stars of years gone by. We understand that Frank Leighton and William Norton are in line to hold the end positions this coming season. In all probability when Bill Harrington sees these young and snappy players perform he will come out of his shell and enjoy the sport. The fountain of youth must surely be located in the vicinity of Seboomook.

—o—

IT WAS TERRIBLE FUNNY

Mr. Kane had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him.

"Well Kane," he said, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me?" repeated Kane. "He laughed out loud!"

—o—

Mr. P. C. Preble, at one time Asst. Clerk at the Grant Farm and for about a year Clerk at Pittston, is now local salesman for Armour Co. in Bangor. Mr. and Mrs. Preble are residing at 175 Center St., Brewer.

* * *

Mrs. Gray of Pittston is bereaved in the death of her mother a few weeks since.

* * *

Now it is Grampy and Grammy and Uncle Leland Page since the birth of Robert Page Spaulding, May 28, born to Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding at Hampden Highlands.

—o—

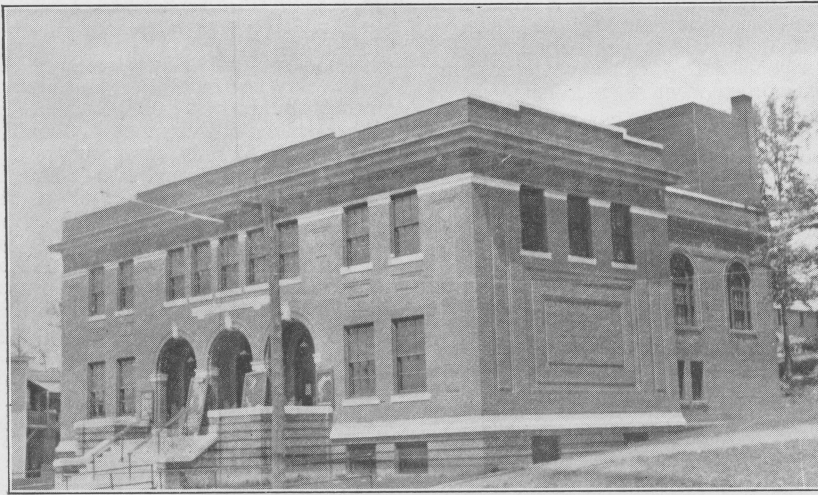
IRISH PHILOSOPHY

You may feel a bit of sadness
Without really being sad,
You may sense a touch of gladness
Without really being glad,
You may even feel some madness
Without being really mad,
But when it comes to badness
Then look out.

For a little bit of sadness
Will catch a fellow's eye,
And a little bit of gladness
Will send his spirits high,
And with a little madness
You may very well get by!
But when it comes to badness
There's a doubt.

For there's sadness that depresses,
And there's madness that distresses,
Also gladness that expresses
What the joy of life's about.
You can do without the sadness,
And the madness or the gladness,
But that little bit of badness
People cannot live without.





Municipal Building, East Millinocket.

EAST MILLINOCKET

"All hail to East Millinocket,
Perched on the ridge's crest,
You'll find its folks are happy
Since all with health are blest.
With Katahdin in the distance,
A sight to charm the eye,
Also Dolby on the hilltop,
A trifle closer by.
Please do not argue longer—
East Millinocket can't be beat,
And to spend a summer in it
Is a pleasure and a treat.
O, come to East Millinocket,
Come chase pulp wood here next
summer,
Get acquainted with the hamlet,
You will find it is a hummer.
And, dear reader of "The Northern,"
Wonder paper read by many,
Bring along some Scotch and soda,
For our husbands haven't any."

Muriel: "Will you love me as much
in June as February?"

Jack: "More, darling, there are two
more days in June!"

FATALITY ON THE SEBOOMOOK
AND ST. JOHN R. R.
CONSTRUCTION

Boras Knox was accidentally killed
at about 8.30 o'clock a. m. June 8,
while using dynamite to blast stumps
from the right of way. No person
appears to have witnessed the ac-
cident. The man was found dead at
about nine o'clock by Andrew Arling-
ton, an employee on the same work.
He immediately notified the time
keeper who reported the matter to
the superintendent, Mr. Mullen.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes have
moved into their new home at Hamp-
den Highlands.

Watch out for announcements rela-
tive to Annual Field Day in the next
issue of *The Northern*.

HEAVY BETTING

During a rest hour in the heat of
the recent European war three
negroes were engaged in a little
friendly game of poker; an "English"
negro, a "French" negro, and an
"American" negro. The hands had
been dealt and the English negro held
a full house, the French negro held
four aces and the American negro
had a straight flush. The betting be-
gan and the English negro said: "I
bets a pound." Passing on to the
French negro, he bets two pounds.
When it came to the American negro
he scratched his head and said: "I
don't know nothin' about these here
pounds, but if dats de way you all
is going to bet, den I bets a ton."

Mr. Joseph H. Murch is employed
in the capacity of Asst. Clerk at
Pittston, and Mr. J. G. Whittier in
the same capacity in the stock room
at the Greenville garage.

"Bud" Mooney has completed the
loading at Monticello.

BOY'S COMPOSITION "DUCKS"

The Duck is a low heavy-set bird
composed mostly of meat, bill, and
feathers. His head rests on one end
and he sets on the other.

There ain't no between to his toes
and he carries a toy balloon in his
stomach to keep from sinking.

The duck has only two legs and
they are set so far back on his run-
ning gear that they come durn near
missing his body.

Some ducks when they are big are
called drakes. Drakes don't have to
set or hatch, just loaf, go swimming
and eat. If I had to be a duck I'd
rather be a drake every time.

Ducks don't give milk, but eggs, but
as for me, give me liberty or death.

Mr. and Mrs. Del Roach have com-
pleted their work at the Grant Farm
and will go at once to Brewer. They
are succeeded at the Farm by Mr. and
Mrs. Boynton, who have their small
son with them.

Miss Kalharin Babcock has been
visiting old friends at Seboomook and
Greenville.

Frank Malone drove a spike into
his foot a few days ago and is now
moving around with the aid of a
cane.

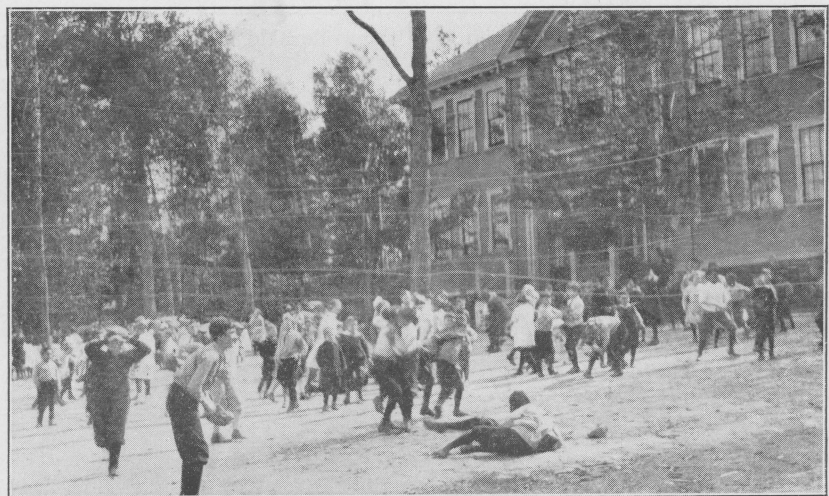
No. 1 from West Main street: "Say,
Abie, vy don't you pull down de vin-
dow shades ven you luv your wife?"

No. 2 from West Main street:
"Vat?"

No. 1: "I say vy don't you pull
down the window shade ven you luv
yore vife? I saw you last night."

No. 2: Ah, de joke's on you; I
vasn't home last night."

Mrs. Georgia Neal has left the em-
ployment of the Company at Se-
boomook boarding house. Mr. and Mrs.
Marley have been engaged in that
place.



School of Many Nations, Millinocket.



The best day for doing your best is the one that comes seven times a week.

BANGOR OFFICE LOCALS

Lester Greeley is back with us again.

* * *

H. C. Willey and family motored to Ripogenus over Memorial Day.

* * *

Ralph Waymouth of the Accounting Dept. is doing temporary work at Greenville Shop.

* * *

E. E. Brown and P. E. Gilpatrick recently spent a week-end fishing around Ripogenus. They returned with a beautiful string.

* * *

Gerald Averill has returned to his regular work after a month at Greenville shop on special work. We understand that there no place like home. How about it, Gerry?

* * *

It is with deep regret that we learn of Ralph Waymouth's failing appetite. Since he has been in Greenville his noon meal only consists of: Soup, Sirloin of Beef, Braised Chicken Wings, with Bacon, Mashed Potatoes, Turnips, Corn, Cucumbers, Tomatoes, Celery, Sweet Pickles, Bread and Butter, Pudding, Apple Pie and Coffee.

Say Gus, look out for the gout.

* * *

H. C. Glass and Irvin L. Billings, who are our half day employes, are in the graduating class of Bangor high school, 1922. Billings is to continue working in the Accounting Dept. but Glass is going to hit it for the wooly wilds on July 1st. They say he made a great friend, in the person of a bear last summer, on the Grant Farm-Five Islands Telephone Job. (How about it, Glassy?) They also say he is a great sprinter.

* * *

What would you say if you were juggling figures with a pencil in each hand and a pen behind your ear, a bale of scratch pads on your left and a ton of waste paper on your right and the man for whom you were working should stroll along, start picking over waste paper, and deliver himself of the following: "Please use some of this paper over. Your letters and figures are too large, (business of measuring). They are exactly one-fourth inches high and broad in proportion. This sheet of paper is six inches long by nine inches wide—fifty-four square inches. You are only getting 250 figures to a paper, where you should get 749. Please use both sides, and hereafter make proper requisitions for your scratch paper. Meanwhile here are a few old envelopes that will do you for the remainder of the day."

IT WOULD MAKE AN ANGEL FIGHT

"I'm through with that fellow Bliffkins for good."

"You don't tell me. Why?"

"Last evening, while we were passing his house he asked me if I'd like to come down in his cellar and have a look at his new furnace."

"And then?"

"It was a new furnace."

* * *

"Mother," asked the little boy, "when the fire goes out, where does it go?"

"I don't know, dear," answered mother. "You might just as well ask me where your father goes when he goes out."—*Selected.*

* * *

DO YOU KNOW?

Where can one find a cap for his knee?
Or a key for the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy,
Because there are pupils there?

From the crown of his head,
What gems shine forth?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use for shingling the roof of
his mouth,
The nails from the end of his toes?

Has he duel nature like Jekl and Hyde,
Because each foot has a soul?
Does his heart beat the blood because
it is bad?
Will it stop, when its good as gold?

Has he eye teeth to see which food is
best?
Do dates grow on his palms?
Does he carry his clothing in his chest?
Do his ear drums call to arms?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to
jail?

If so, what did it do?

Where can he shapen his shoulder
blades?

I'll be switched if I know, do you?

* * *

I used to think I knew I knew,
But now I must confess,
That since I know I know I know,
I know I know the less.

* * *

We've got to start out fresh each day
And slug and butt and punch.

What we did yesterday, we've found,
Won't buy us this day's lunch.

—*Tramp Starr.*

JUST TRY TO BE THE FELLOW THAT YOUR MOTHER THINKS YOU ARE

Whilst walking a crowded city street
the other day,

I heard a little urchin to a comrade
turn and say:

"Say, Chimmey, let me tell youse,
I'd be happy as a clam,

If I only was de feller dat me Mudder
tinks I am.

She tinks I am a wonder, an' she
knows her little lad

Could never mix wit' nuttin' dat was
ugly, mean or bad.

Oh! lots of times I sit and tink how
nice t'would be, gee whiz!

If a fellar was de fellar dat his
Mudder tinks he is."

My friend, be yours a life of toil or
undiluted joy,

You still can learn a lesson from this
small, unlettered boy.

Don't aim to be an earthly Saint, with
eyes fixed on a star,

Just try to be the fellow that your
Mother thinks you are.

—*Will S. Adkin.*

* * *

"How is your little brother,
Johnny?"

"Sick abed. He hurt himself."

"That's too bad. How did he do
it?"

"We were playing who could lean
furthest out of the window and he
won."—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

—o—

Mary had a little lamb,

It followed her to school.

She went to take a final and

She flunked it like a fool.

So Mary changed her plan, they say,

And took a bull next day,

And when she got her paper back,

She pulled a nice big A.

—o—

THE DEVIL HE IS

"An old exchange runs the follow-
ing under its church notices:

"This is vacation time, but the devil
works all the time. Your pastor will
be at the church every Sunday as
usual."

—o—

Clarence Sargent of Rockwood will
be employed by Mr. Bridge on the
road extension work on the Loon
Stream road.

—o—

Mr. George A. Bridge went to Ban-
gor a few days ago and on his re-
turn was accompanied by his family.

—o—

Bill McClure of Rockwood has sold
his car.

—o—

The horses at the different farms
were all turned out to pasture before
the first of June.



What the Secretary of Labor Thinks of Athletics

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis announces that he favors the establishment of a national bureau of athletics. He says call it a recreation bureau if you wish. Anyway he is going to ask that the national government provide a way for further stimulating an interest in clean athletics to help keep them pure, so that everyone can participate in or witness the kind of sports they like. He suggests that Federal Judge K. M. Landis, high commissioner in baseball, might be willing to give up his salary of \$50,000 a year and work for the same pay as a Cabinet officer.

"The great hall of democracy," Secretary Davis says, "is the baseball park, the football field, the playgrounds and recreation centers. The abandoned babe found in an ash can in an alley," he adds, "can become the champion home run hitter, the king of base stealers, or make a triple play unassisted and he gets his picture and name in all the publications. Athletics is our greatest leveler. If a football player, at a critical moment during a game, darts out from the mass of players and dodges several in his fleet trip across the gridiron, and traverses the length of the field and scores a touchdown, no one asks about his ancestors."

He also contends that people will be more happy if they are given a chance to enjoy their pet sports, and that with universal interest, clean sports would rule, and further that with the minds of the people occupied with sports they like, there would be less discontent and unrest. The solution of many problems, he adds, is to have the people happy and contented.

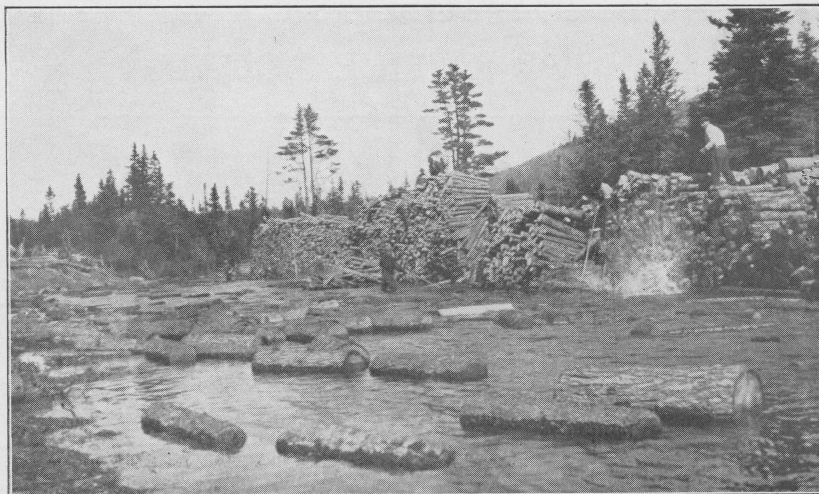
"If I get a matter of controversy to settle between two forces which are stubborn and greet each other with iron faces, I may ask them to play a game of baseball. I'll wager that the controversy will be ended when the men get together on the baseball diamond. The men will get to know each other and trust each other after they have rubbed elbows and have been athletes together."

Secretary of Labor Davis is director general of the Loyal Order of Moose, and he is encouraging the nearly 1,700 lodges of the order in the United States and Canada to have lodge baseball teams and to have teams to represent them in other clean sports.

Courtesy of Baseball Magazine.

* * *

Our new diamonds are nearing completion. The equipment of last year has been supplemented with new. The season will open immediately. All baseball matters will be under the direction of the Social Service. The management of these matters, outside of the Bangor Office, will be with A. J. Toussaint, assisted by Leland Page. The diamonds will be open to all employees and the equipment is



Sourdnhunk Drive.

for their use. We find that we have about enough material to make up one regular team.

A few regulations to be strictly enforced:

The team will be given Saturday afternoons to play ball.

Employees at the place where the game is played and near-by vicinity will have the time to see the games.

Transportation will be furnished the team to and from the place of play.

All parties eligible to this transportation must avail themselves of such at the time set by the management.

Caution: Do not take the hearsay word of any one as to time of going and coming, except the management; as no special transportation will be provided. The Social Service will take no responsibility either financial or otherwise outside of regular arrangements.

—o—

Call Murry, who has been driving a truck at Seboomook the past few weeks is about to return to Greenville Junction.

—o—

THE OFFICE PENCIL

I know not where thou art,
I only know
That thou wert on my desk,
Peaceful and content
A moment back.

And as I turned my head
To take a look,
Some heartless one
Went south with thee.

I know not who it was,
Nor shall I investigate.
Perchance

It might have been

The guy I stole thee from!
me5s shr etao etao in unununuu

—o—

IN SERVICE

Soldierly-looking Man: "Yes, sir, I have spent fifteen years or my life in the service of my country."

Low-browed Individual: "So have I. What were you in for?"

MR. HILL AT THE INTERDENOMINATIONAL CONFERENCE

On June the 8th, Mr. Hill of the Social Service department of the Great Northern Pulp and Paper Co., met the Interdenominational Committee at Waterville. Mr. Hill was invited to tell this committee something about the work which he is doing for the Great Northern.

Prof. Calvin Clark of the Bangor Theological Seminary is the secretary for the committee. His belief that the members of this committee would be interested in hearing about this work was more than justified, for the greatest interest was manifested.

Ex-Governor Milliken is the chairman of the committee, and introducing Mr. Hill he said, "This is one of the greatest pieces of work that is being done within the State at the present time." He also spoke of the Northerner in the most enthusiastic terms.

Mr. Hill, in his modest way, told the committee how this social service work had appealed to him for a long time, and how he had slowly followed the needs of the day and observed the desires of the men as he, step by step, built up this most appreciated line of work.

The man who enters this field goes as a pioneer. There are no old trails to be followed, for no one has been there before. A man must find his own way. If he gets lost, and some of them have, well—he's just lost that's all! If he finds his way through to safe ground—well, he'll do a service for mankind that is worth doing. Mr. Hill shows that he has found his way. In all parts of the country, men are observing this particular service and picking up points to be used in their own way.

—o—

Don't be a fault-finder unless you are a fault-mender.



I am always in haste, but never in a hurry.—John Wesley.

Boom House Life at Chesuncook

Hello, you people in the outer world. We as a company wish to say that we do not envy you the least bit, because no home could be like our own.

We have all the modern inconveniences, hot and cold water, gay white lights issuing from kerosene oil with wicks, and a (Who'sit). Now some people don't understand a Who'sit, but it is our only connection with the outer world and we prize it very much. It is a pretty little affair with lots of wires, a cunning little ear thing and best of all are two little bells that go (ting-a-ling) and some one runs to the wall and hollers (Who'sit).

We are a gay bunch up here and everyone gets along just like cat and dog. Our crew is made up as follows: First is little Louie, the herder, sent here to take charge of the dogs, that are to drive the helpless four foot sticks through the West Branch to the slaughter house. He is a good sort, all wrapped up in love and money, clever with a motor boat and more so on logs.

Second, is our cook, bless him, Lenard Soucie. When it comes to cooking he can't be beat. Recently he has gone fish queer, after landing a five pounder with his own artificial line, an anchor attached to a boom chain. Yet he sure is a clever fisherman. Also noted for fidil head greens which were supplied very freely while they lasted.

Third, comes Alphe, the woman hater. He is sober and industrious, very anxious to be a mechanic and we believe he will succeed.

Fourth, is Tom Mulligan, the powerful. He means O. K. but at times gets his meanings twisted. A very good woodsman, and hopes to cut

twelve cords per day this winter. Good for him.

Fifth, and he ought to be first, is Big Jim, coming from the old country across the line, and a loyal supporter to his cause. He has a wonderful frame of about six feet, consisting of skin and bones with a curly head of very large size to make up the deficit.

Sixth, Freddie Campbell holds the honor. He comes from the South, but is a firm believer in Bangor and goes there immediately after the drive is over.

Seventh, may he always be with us. Clinton Betts is the man. He is a very clever man on the Head Works, can walk a boom of any size, in a rough sea, and we are sorry that his eyes are getting bad.

Eighth, comes Allie, the vamp. He sure is a clever man with the ladies and everyone admires his wavy hair, clear complexion and honest eyes. Beware young ladies, because Allie never intends to get married.

Ninth, and the number is not nearly big enough for him, comes Roaring Dan. He is not what you call a very

fancy shovel, but he is a good bit of a man and can do an honest day's work. Everyone likes Daniel and he surely ought to make a success in the wonderful game of life.

Tenth, last but not least comes the ink slinger, Toddles. He considers himself the hardest working man in the crew but we have our doubts. He sure was getting sleepy on checkers, but the cook woke him up so quick that we are afraid he won't get a game this season. He got his name Toddles for having most of his life and feelings in his toes and shoulders.

We welcome everyone to our home except at meal time and then please omit a call, our food is first class, thanks to our cook, and we do not desire to share it.

May we all live in peace and happiness for ever more.

Sincerely,

THE CREW.

HIS OWN VALUATION

Weary Willie slouched into the pawnshop.

"How much will you give me for this overcoat?" he asked, producing a faded but neatly mended garment.

Isaac looked at it critically.

"Four dollars," he said.

"Why!" cried Weary Willie, "that coat's worth ten dollars if it's worth a penny."

"I wouldn't give you ten dollars for two like that," sniffed Isaac. "Four dollars or nothing."

"Are you sure that's all it's worth?" asked Weary Willie.

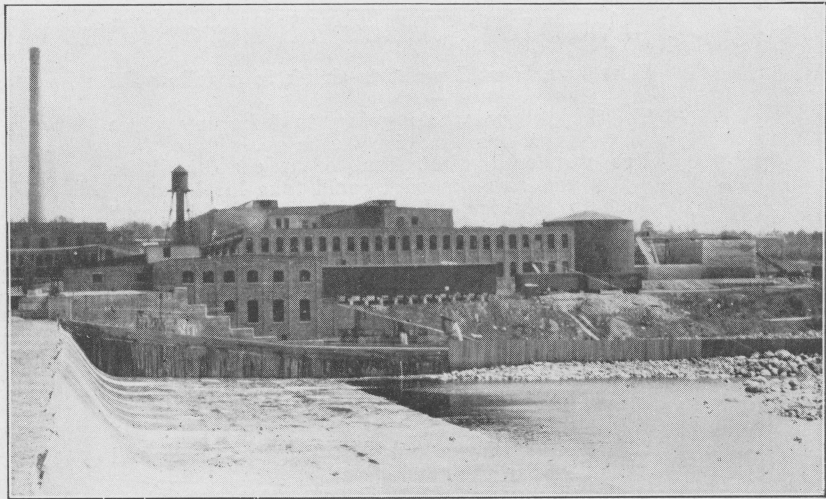
"Four dollars," repeated Isaac.

"Well, here's yer four dollars," said Weary Willie. "This overcoat was hangin' outside yer shop and I was wonderin' how much it was really worth."

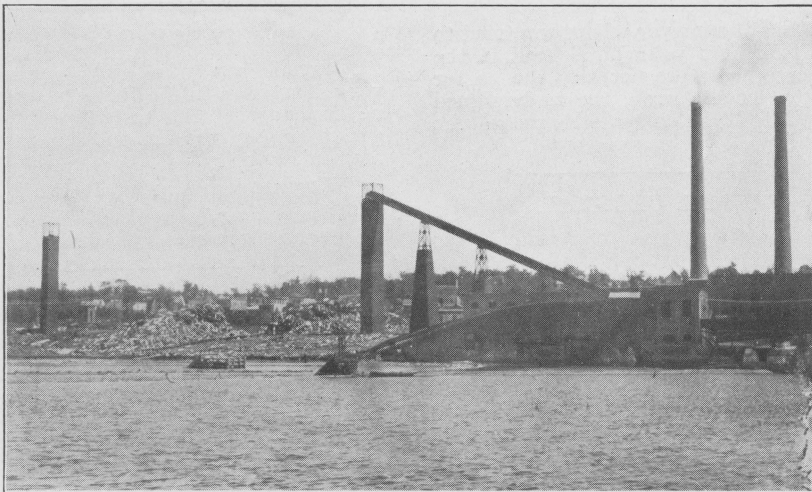
He—"Are you married?"

She—"That's my business."

He—"How's business?"



East Millinocket Dam.



Log Carriers, East Millinocket.



A Toast to a Fellow I'll Never Know

Here is a toast I want to drink to a fellow I'll never know—

To the fellow who's going to take my place when it's time for me to go.

I've wondered what kind of a chap he'll be and I've wished I could take his hand,

Just to whisper, "I wish you well, old man," in a way that he'd understand.

I'd like to give him the cheering word that I've longed at times to hear;

I'd like to give him the warm handclasp, whenever a friend seems near.

I've learned my knowledge by sheer hard work, and I wish I could pass it on

To the fellow who'll come to take my place some day when I am gone.

Will he see all the sad mistakes I've made and note all the battles lost?

Will he ever guess of the tears they caused or or the heartaches which they cost?

Will he gaze through the failures and fruitless toil to the underlying plan?

And catch a glimpse of the real intent and the heart of the vanquished man?

I dare to hope he may pause some day as he toils as I have wrought,

And gain some strength for his weary task from the battles which I have fought.

But I've only the task itself to leave with the cares for him to face,

And never a cheering word may speak to the fellow who'll take my place.

Then here's to your health, old chap, I drink as a bridegroom to his bride—

I leave an unfinished task for you, but God knows how I tried.

I've dreamed my dreams as all men do, but never a one came true,

And my prayer today is that all the dreams may be realized by you,

And we'll meet some day in the great unknown—out in the realms of space,

You'll know my clasp as I take your hand and gaze in your tired face.

Then all our failures will be success in the light of the new found dawn—

So I'm drinking your health, old chap, who'll take my place when I'm gone.

—Edward Collins in the Gateway.

A salesman sold a bill of goods to a merchant in a small town. They were returned as not satisfactory. The wholesale house undertook to collect anyway and drew a sight draft on the bank at the customer's town. The bank returned the draft unpaid. Then the house wrote to the village postmaster and asked if the merchant was good for the amount of the bill. The letter was returned O. K'd at the bottom. Next the postmaster was asked to put the bill in the hands of a local lawyer for collection. The answer received by the wholesalers ran as follows:

"The undersigned is the merchant on whom you tried to palm off your worthless junk. The undersigned is also president of the bank that returned your draft. The undersigned is the postmaster to whom you wrote

and also the lawyer whom you tried to get to collect your bill. And if the undersigned were not also the pastor of the local church, the undersigned would tell you to go straight to the devil."

WELSH GEOGRAPHY

A portly Welsh clergyman was struggling to put on his boots when his wife observed:

"My dear, you ought to have a valet."

"Well, my dear," replied the witty reverend, between puffs, "if I had a valley where I now have a mountain, it would certainly be nicer!"

Meddle with dirt, and some will stick to you.

Greenville Machine Shop

Now that Milton Lepage is located here, why is it he makes frequent trips to Bangor?

* * *

Henry Beale recently was at Seboomook on a business trip which we imagine was more or less pleasant.

* * *

We are wondering if our Superintendent and the Eastman Kodak people have had a falling out.

* * *

Having lost the aid and company of Gerald Averill of the Bangor office, we have now with us that Dexter man.

* * *

Ernest Rippe did well to stay away from Bangor as long as he has. Mrs. Rippe arrived this last Sunday.

* * *

F. V. Schenck has a well beaten path 'twixt the shop and the hill. If perseverance will win, he's won already.

* * *

John Morrison was a visitor at the shop on June 9th.

* * *

The shop will be glad to have everybody come to Greenville on the 4th of July, as there is to be a big celebration.

* * *

While in Greenville Morrison received his third degree in the Masons. Weymouth and Arey were visitors at the Greenville lodge that night.

THE QUESTION

"Teacher whipped me because I was the only boy who could answer a question she asked the class," cried Freddy.

Freddy's mother was angry. "I'll see the teacher about that! What was the question she asked you?"

"She wanted to know who put the glue in her ink bottle."

NO PLACE ELSE

A small boy who sat opposite a very stout man in the train seemed to be fascinated. His ardent gaze began to annoy the fat man, who demanded, angrily:—

"Why are you staring at me?"

"Please, sir," replied the lad, "there nowhere else to look."

BETCHALIFE!

Sam's girl is tall and slender,

My girl is fat and slow.

Sam's girl wears silks and satins,

My girl wears calico.

Sam's girl is nice and speedy,

My girl is pure and good.

Do you think I'd swap my girl for Sam's?

You know darned well I would!

Watch the Next Issue of The Northern for the Field Day Announcement